

## Let Us Be Honest!

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

**We Are Masqueraders—Peering at Each Other From Behind False Faces, and Hiding Our True Selves**

A MORNING paper recently came out with the following headlines in big letters—"Why Not Be Honest?"

Yes, why not? There are many people with whom universal honesty is a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

Why not live the truth instead of being hypocrites and liars? Why not key one's whole being to the music of a simple, whole-hearted sincerity?

Won't somebody at once begin the most worthy business of being four-square with the world?

It is high time that something was done to inaugurate a new departure from the ancient, if not honorable, programme.

It was my great good fortune to know the late James G. Blaine, "of Maine," and one day he asked me what I considered the most striking passage in all literature. I gave him my answer, and then asked him to tell me what he considered the most remarkable passage. His reply came in the shape of the words that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Jacques in "As You Like It":

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players."  
"Yes," he added, with pathetic emphasis, "a great big masquerade."

Without admitting that I am either a cynic or a pessimist, for I would hate to think that I was the one or the other, I felt that the statesman's comment on Jacques' dictum came pretty close to hitting the nail squarely on the head.

For weal or for woe, the greater part of us are in the masquerade business. The great majority of the masqueraders seem to enjoy the game, while some of them despise it, and would be very happy to get out of it. But here we are with our masks on, all togged out in the most bewildering and perplexing costumes, peering at one another through the slits in the dough faces, and wondering who and what we are.

In politics, in business, in society, and far too often in private life, we are never found standing face to face and heart to heart. We seldom meet upon the level and part upon the square. The real life, what there is, is covered up under layer upon layer of artificiality, diplomacy, falsehood.

In a word, society, in all its ramifications, is a living lie.

Every intelligent person knows this, and every fair-minded person is ready to admit it.

And so we get back to the very pertinent question: "Why not be honest?" It would be admirable to be honest, and I am positive that, after a while, we would not go back to the programme of deceit and lies for any consideration.

Suppose we try it. We can begin training right now, and with the arrival of the new year we can go over the top all along the line.

## What Is Your Kick?

Here are some kicks sent to The Evening World to-day. They will interest you. You will agree with many of these people. What's your kick? Write it out and send it to the Kick Editor of The Evening World. Write also your opinion of what these other New Yorkers have to say.

Staten Island, Nov. 14, 1919.

To the "Kick" Editor:  
A few days ago I heard some one say, "I'm leaving Staten Island and going back to America." That's my kick. It isn't fair. Staten Island is a fine place, and the people who live there are 100 per cent. Americans. If people would come down and look it over they would stop criticizing.

WORKMAN'S WAGE.  
Brooklyn, Nov. 14, 1919.

To the "Kick" Editor:  
Some of these people seem to think that the workingman gets his high wages first and that the high prices come afterward. I want to remind them that it happened just the other way about. Why begrudge the workingman his \$5 or \$8 a day when he earns it through honest hard work?

NEW YORK, Nov. 13, 1919.

To the "Kick" Editor:  
Yes, I think I have a kick coming, and a good many other people agree with me. Luxury tax is all right for luxuries, but when it comes to paying a luxury tax on eyeglasses I think something should be done.

SUFFERERS FROM "GASING."  
New York, Nov. 13, 1919.

To the "Kick" Editor:  
My kick is that one that goes to the heart of every man and woman who has seen our brave boys fight through the war. A nephew of mine was gassed three times and was invalided home and discharged. But he is still suffering from the gas and has been trying in vain to get into some Government hospital for treatment. I believe that this justifies a kick on my part.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1919.

To the "Kick" Editor:  
What will be the newest outrage to be perpetrated by the parasitic landlords? First, it is a two months' rent in advance, then rent increases, and now the payment of a money guarantee in addition to all the rest. I recently tried to lease an apartment uptown. The landlord had just

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

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1. In connection with what industry did Charles Schwab become prominent?
2. By what Government is the St. Lawrence Canal controlled?
3. On what river was the bridge which was guarded by Horatio?
4. In what language was most of the New Testament written?
5. Who is the Attorney General of the United States?
6. Of what metal is brass mostly composed?
7. Who retired as the undefeated wrestling champion?
8. Who was speaker of the House for many years previous to Wilson's election?
9. Of what kind of wood are manicure sticks usually made?
10. What is the name of the bones between the elbow and the shoulder?
11. What famous General said "War is Hell?"
12. In what country of South America are diamonds found?

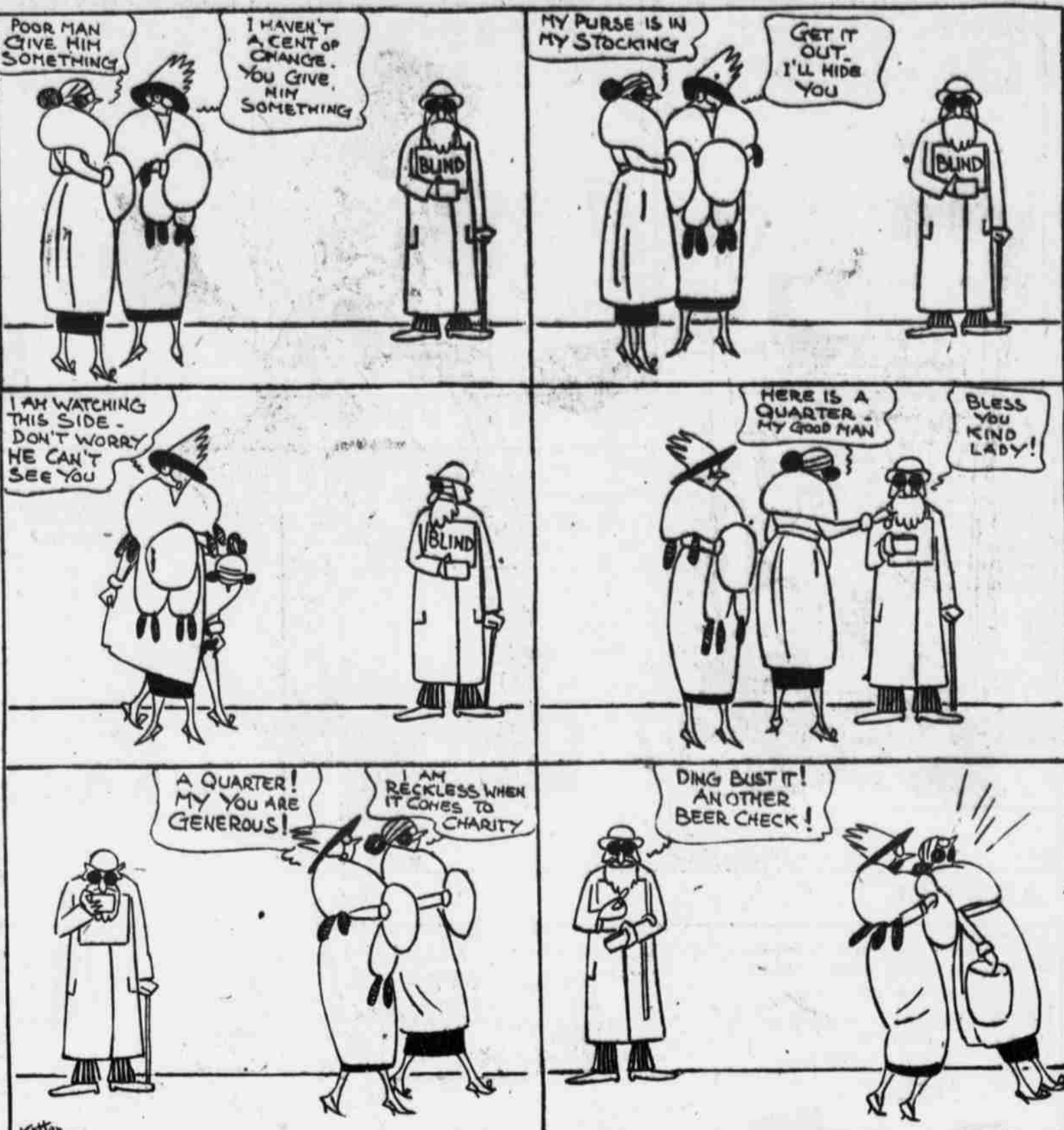
ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1. Elbert H. Tamm; 2. 110; 3. Teutobach; 4. Villars; 5. Goethals; 6. Yerner; 7. tortoise; 8. Liberia; 9. Tennessee; 10. Cuba; 11. 12.

## Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Corner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

The Wonderful Tea Kettle

THE old priest was very happy. He found a treasure. As he climbed the hill to the temple where he lived, he often stopped to pat his beautiful kettle. When he reached the temple he called the three boys who were his pupils.

"See here," he cried to them. "I found the beautiful kettle that I found a little while ago. I got it very cheap, too." The boys admired it but smiled a little to themselves, for they could not see what he wanted of an old brass kettle.

"Now you go on with your studies," said the priest. "I will hear you recite after a while." So the boys went into the next room, and the old priest sat down to admire his prize. He sat looking at it so long that he grew sleepy, and in a moment he was fast asleep.

The boys in the next room studied very hard for a few minutes, but they were boys and no one was there to see them, so you can imagine that they were playing by the time the priest was awake.

Suddenly, they heard a noise in the next room. "There, the priest is awake," whispered one. "Oh, dear, now we will have to behave," said the second.

The third one was more daring. He crept up and peeped through the door to see if it really was the priest. He was just in time to see the new kettle spring into the air, turn a somersault, and come down a furry little badger with a sharp nose, bushy tail, and four little feet.

How that badger did caper and dance! It danced on the floor, it danced on a side of a screen. "Oh my! Oh my!" cried the boys, tumbling back. "It will dance on me next! Oh my!"

"What are you talking about?" asked the other two. "What will dance on you?"

"That goblin will dance on me. I know it will! It danced on the floor and it danced on the table and on the screen, and now I know it will dance on me!" cried he.

Then they, too, looked through the screen. There sat the little kettle, just as it had been before.

"You little silly," cried the boys. "Do you call that a goblin? That looks very much like a tea kettle to our eyes."

"Tush," said the third boy. "The priest is waking up. We had better get to work again."

The priest awoke and heard the busy lips of his pupils. "What good boys I have," said he. So saying, he lighted his little charcoal fire, filled his kettle with fresh water, and put it over the fire to heat. Suddenly, the kettle gave a leap into the air, spilling the hot water all over the floor. "Oh, help! help! Here's a goblin!" shrieked the priest. In rushed the three boys to see what was the matter. They saw no kettle at all, but in its place was a furry little badger, prancing and posturing about the room. They all took sticks and began to beat the badger, but it was a brass kettle that answered "Clang! Clang!" to every blow.

When the priest saw that he could gain nothing by beating the kettle, he began to plan how he might get rid of it. Just then the tinkler came by. "That is my chance," thought the priest. So he called, "Tinker, Tinker, come and see what I have for you. Here is an old kettle that I have found. It is of no use to me, but you may have it for nothing." The tinkler, who was a good kettle, no he took to his horse and, he never touched it, but put it on a shelf for an ornament. So the kettle was seen no more and the priest was very happy.

MARY PRISCH, Aged 12.  
A Japanese fairy tale told to her by an uncle who had been in Japan and China.

## Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

My dear Kiddies:  
A little girl quaintly asked me in a letter if she should "make up" stories, poems, and songs, now that she had her pen.

Yes, and more, and more.

Just this minute I made a list of things that my little cousins do for the Klub and it filled two sheets of paper! There are so many stories and poems and songs and puzzles to be written, pictures and cartoons to be drawn, and contests, parties and plays to be taken part in that their names seem to tumble over my pen and each other, like little brownies in their eagerness to be written down, so you can see them.

There are always two sorts of themes about which to write and draw: those that really occur and those that you make up in your own imagination. The most wonderful of all creatures—grown-ups, children, fairies, and animals can live in a child's imagination.

And did you ever think that interesting events are happening around us every day? Stories and poems about such things are just as delightful as those which have been entirely made up in your own minds. If you are observing, you will see something that happens to you or one of your friends that will make a good subject for a story.

A contest is held every month to find out who can tell the best story or draw the best picture or write the best poem. All the kiddies like these contests. There is a possibility that they may win an award. What happens to you or one of your friends that will make a good subject for a story.

And the pictures and plays! They are the most fun. Every member of the Klub has a big picture of the members having a long day of frolicking happiness. In the winter holidays, when there is a play in which the kiddies show their talents as dancers, actors and singers. These, together with the Kiddie Klub Corner in The Evening World, take the place of a regular school. You see, the Klub is too large and the members live too great distances apart from each other to make any other kind of a regular school. The Kiddie Klub Corner is published three times a week, so that we really have at least three meetings a week. It is a great deal of fun, and because of these stories and poems and drawings and contests and parties, we should all be very happy together.

Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

Dr. Chamber Writing Contest.  
Ten prizes of one dollar each will be awarded ten Kiddie Klub members who have won the contest. The winners will be chosen from the members who have written the best Christmas stories, poems, and songs. A note from the parent or guardian saying that the story is original and that the member has not been copied must accompany each story. The stories may be about actual experiences, or fanciful ones, but they must be composed entirely by the member.

Contestants must state name, address, and certificate number.  
Address Cousin Eleanor, Evening World, 100 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes December 1st.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.  
Beginning with our number, cut out six of the coupons, fill in your name, address, and age, and mail them to the Kiddie Klub Corner, 100 Park Row, New York City. We will send you a pin and a certificate when we receive your coupons.

"Klub Pin"  
All children up to sixteen years of age may join the Klub. A pin and a certificate will be sent to each member.

COUPON NO. 546

## The Heritage of The Desert

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In This Story of Love and Adventure the Days of the Conquest of the Desert Live Again

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

"I SAW you Uncle the girl's hands."

"You did? Well, d— a me!"

"Nabraka, if I have your life will you quit rustling cattle? You weren't out for a thief."

"Will you? D— a me! I'll be straight and decent. I'll take a job ride for you, stranger, an' prove it."

"Cut him loose from the others," said Hare. He scrutinized the line of rustlers. Several were masked in black. "Take off those masks!"

"No! Those men go to their graves masked." Again the strange twinge of pain crossed John Caldwell's face. "Ah! I see," exclaimed Hare. "You're quick!"

"I couldn't recognize the other man anyhow. I don't know him. But Mescal can tell. He saved him and I'll save him. But how?"

"Every rustler, except the masked ones standing stern and silent, clamored that he was the one to be saved."

"Hurry back home," said Caldwell in Hare's ear. "Tell them to fetch Mescal. Find out and hurry back. Time presses. The Mormons are wavering. You've got only a few minutes."

Hare slipped out of the crowd, sped up the road, jumped the fence on the run, and burst in upon the Bishop and his family.

"No danger, don't be alarmed—all's well," he panted. "The rustlers are captured. I want Mescal. Quick! Where is Mescal? Fetch her, somebody!"

One of the women gazed from the room. Hare caught the clicking of a latch, the closing of a door, hollow footfalls descending on stone, and then, rising again, in swiftly pattering footsteps. Like a whirlwind Mescal came through the hall, black hair flying, dark eyes blazing.

"My darling!" Obscured of the Mormons he swung her up and held her in his arms. "Mescal! Mescal!"

"I tried to think, I didn't see his face; I can't remember his voice."

"Think! Think! He'll be hanged if you don't recall something to identify him. He deserves a chance. Holderness's crowd are thieves, murderers. But two were not all bad. That showed the night you were at Silver Cup. I saved Nebraska!"

"Were you at Silver Cup? Jack?"

"Don't interrupt me. We raised the rent \$36, and made me pay a month in advance, and then insisted on a 'guarantee' of cash deposit. What for? Does he think you are going to take the house with you when you move? No—it is only a ruse, to be used in case the tenant dared to complain. The house contained about fifty tenants, each paying a 'guarantee' of \$40. Who could better his means with \$2,000 to use just as he pleased?"

Capt. Kidd was a novice compared to these people. D. W. L.

## The House 'Round the Corner

By Gordon Holmes

Mystery surrounds you from the first chapter. A haunted and supposedly deserted house by the edge of a desolate moor is tenanted by a charming unknown girl. A British officer, returned from India, comes to make his home there. Thrills, adventures and a delightful love story all blend in this famous story's latest book.

The Story Will Begin in Serial Form on This Page on Monday.